

CHICAGO'S BOMB MYSTERIES

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ACTING CHIEF OF POLICE SCHUETTLER



FRED A. BUSSE, MAYOR OF CHICAGO

continued. They were as a red flag to the bomb-thrower. Every time one of them was issued the loud voice of a bomb would answer: "Here is one," and the shattered remains of roulette wheels, poker tables smashed to splinters, cards, chips and other gambling paraphernalia strewn throughout the wreckage of the building gave bountiful evidence that the bomb spoke truly.

The explosions are always in the nighttime, when few people are on the streets, and in every way the bomb-thrower, seems to use exceeding care to avoid inflicting personal injury. Despite these precautions, however, the hospital lists of the

"Who controls gambling in Chicago? A combination controlled by one man, who caused No. 31 to be touched off, who has monopolized the hand-book game and put out of business hundreds of men that have been in the business all their lives. Can you blame them for throwing bombs?"

"One man has leased the service wire and has whipped every one into line, so that if you don't send your bets to him you can get no service, and if you try to run independent the 'dicks' raid your place, while his places run unmolested. In other words—do business with that man or quit. Can you blame the people he put out of business? When that combination is broken up the bombs will cease, and not until then."

"FROM ONE WHO KNOWS."

"P. S.—The next one that cackles, that man will hear personally."

The Chicago outrages are not confined to bomb-throwing, but include incendiary fires, wrecking by improvised battering rams, cutting of telephone cables and numerous other acts of vandalism. They began with the blowing up of the residence of John Hill, Jr., at the time he was fighting race-track gambling around Chicago, and resulted in putting out of business all the race-tracks, many of the grandstands having been burned to the ground. The Chicago Telephone Company, which furnishes wires to the Tenness syndicate of poolrooms, has been a heavy loser from the series of explosions. Telephones and switchboards are a part of the equipment of the hand-books and poolrooms.

On the night before the great annual orgy known as the First Ward ball, a bomb exploded in front of the Coliseum, as if to say to every respectable resident in Chicago: "Here is where every law of decency and every city

Through the four-story building at No. 111 Madison street the explosion swept like wind, the force taking everything before it. The headquarters of "Mont" Tenness, king of the gambling clique that is now in power, was on the second floor of this building, just above the place where the fuse had been ignited.

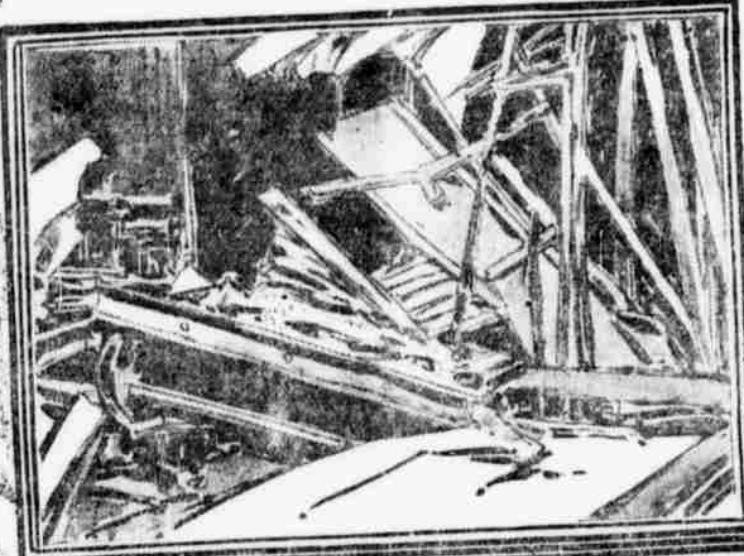
This was Tenness' clearing house and the place from which all his syndicate business was conducted. During the administration of Mayor Dunne, Tenness had been forced to move out, but after the election of Mayor Busse he moved back again and established a clearing house close to his old quarters, where he previously had a system of spies and guards who defied the police.

And in all the series of outrages no arrests were made until the state of Illinois came to the city's aid. The United States government also has taken a hand.

The few arrests that have been made all came to nothing. Those made by the police seem to have been purely superficial.

Who is the mysterious bomb thrower? This is the question of the hour in Chicago.

Some say he is a fanatic reformer who has adopted



AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF BOMB 29



WRECK OF A SALOON

"H"ELLO? Is this the City Press association of Chicago? Well, I've just touched off another one at No. 241 Wabash avenue. There's a gambling place on the fourth floor there, I claim, and you'll hear the building go up, about ten minutes from now.

"Boom!" went the explosion, on time to the very minute—so close to the time the newspaper men received the telephone message as to prove that the mysterious dynamiter had worked with a time fuse. The building, a five-story brick, at the precise address given was almost entirely wrecked. As usual, the police denied that any gambling had been going on there, but a bridge whist layout in one room, a lot of racing "dope" and all that goes to equip a poolroom and bookmaking establishment in another—all this on the fatal fourth floor—proved that the bomb-planter's tip was reliable, as it had been scores of times before.

The above reads like the opening of a first-class mystery story, or Conan Doyle detective novelette, does it not? But it is no such thing. On the contrary, it is the literal and serious transcript of an almost every day incident of real life in Chicago since the bomb-throwing reign of terror began, now two years ago.

More bombs have exploded in Chicago during these two years of Mayor Busse's administration than in ten years of St. Petersburg and Moscow combined.

Yet the bomb-thrower still goes free. Nobody has ever been convicted of any of these dynamite outrages, now numbering nearly a hundred. Not a single arrest was made until the state authorities took up the matter. Three men were rounded up on suspicion, and released upon their readily establishing alibis.

The blasts are attended with greater property loss than were caused by the anarchist riots in 1886, or in the times when Lucy Parsons and the other radical agitators were said to hold secret sway. Five hundred buildings have been wrecked by 23 large dynamite bombs, the first of which was exploded soon after Mayor House took office and the word went out that Chicago was to be an open town. Great gaps have been torn through the brick and stone walls in the loop district—the heart of the city—by the terrific force of the explosions, and streets spattered with brick, stones, glass and timbers hurled from the bombarded buildings are becoming common sights in the western metropolis. Scores of people have been seriously, some fatally injured. Many more are nervous wrecks.

The great significant fact is that nearly all of these bombs have been aimed directly at gambling houses or at property owned by or closely associated with notorious gamblers or gambling institutions. Many gambling bets have been blown up with dynamite, and many more have gone out of business through fear that the bomb's lightning might strike them next.

There is not a district of the city that has not known the destructiveness of the explosions. There is scarcely an inhabitant of Chicago who is not familiar with the loud, hard, reverberating detonation peculiar to the explosion of a dynamite bomb.

On the night following the day on which Chicagoans read of the anniversary celebration in Rome of the Haymarket riots in Chicago, a bomb was exploded and another gambling house was blown to perdition, with great destruction of surrounding property.

It used to be that the mayor and the chief of police would give out statements to the effect that there was not a gambling house running within the city limits of Chicago. But these statements have been entirely dis-

Injured by bomb explosions are assuming for midsize proportions, and one or two deaths may result from the injuries thus far inflicted. More than 100 persons were injured in the explosion in the rear of the Title and Trust building, one perhaps fatally. Eight suffered serious injuries from the blowing up of the Manning & Rowes saloon and gambling house at 321 State street.

Probably the most remarkable feature of the outrages is the daring displayed by the bomb-thrower. He sends the newspapers warnings and comments on the explosions; he makes a practice of telephoning the City Press association, a news-gathering agency maintained by the different Chicago newspapers, giving notice that fuses have been lit and telling the place where a bomb is about to explode. His method of calling up the newspapers to tip off his explosions and his anonymous letters giving the careful details of his plans, serve as drum and cymbals to advertise the helplessness of the police and to spread consternation throughout the present administration, from the mayor down. The letters are all written in the same hand-writing, and never yet have his tips failed to prove true.

In one of the latest of these tips the bomb-thrower promises a "double-header" for the next explosion. He says:

"The next one will be a double-header, and will be close enough for the chief and his boss to see it splutter. They know where the bug outs are, it will be dead easy for them to guess where the next ones are coming from. Many more to follow unless the solid lid is put on. The gang must close—double dose next. Some poor bartender may get pinched for the job, but wrong one again. Will have him in 24 hours—Nite."

POST CARD SENT BY THE DYNAMITER.

ordinance for the suppression of vice in Chicago will be openly violated tomorrow night, through the political immunity enjoyed by Alderman John Coughlin (Bath-House John) and Alderman Michael Keena (Hinky Dinky), the two aldermen of the First ward, comprising Chicago's notorious "Red Light District." But for the enormous political pull enjoyed by these two aldermen, this bomb would have caused the suppression of the Coliseum orgy. As it was, however, 15,000 people, mostly gamblers and denizens of the under world, women in tights and all manner of suggestive costumes, and men who own and frequent the First ward resorts, crowded to the great building and drank and caroused all night. Daylight revealed a scene of drunken men and frazzled women lying about on floors strewn with champagne bottles and fragments of costumes, wigs and ornaments torn away in the wild revels of the night.

It was the explosion at State and Congress streets, known as Touch No. 30, partially wrecking the recruiting station, which started the government forces on the track of the dynamiter. This explosion was in a hotel district; men and women came rushing from their rooms in the Auditorium and Annex, the Elk hotel and the five or six other hostilities of lesser fame in the immediate vicinity. On the southeast corner of State and Congress streets, and on the opposite side of Congress street, the plate glass windows in the store of Siegel, Cooper & Company were shattered.

Two days later, while the police were still searching for the thrower of bomb No. 30, bomb No. 31 exploded in the heart of the downtown district, wrecked the rear of the Chicago Title & Trust building, a skyscraper at No. 100 Washington street, and damaged every structure in the block bounded by Washington, Clark, Madison and Dearborn streets, and also the Boston Store, which is bounded by Madison, Dearborn and State streets. This explosion took place on Sunday night at 11:20 o'clock. It was louder and sharper than a thunderbolt, and was heard all over the loop district. Pedestrians were showered with glass, which came pouring down from the windows of the buildings for blocks around, and men, women and children were hurled to the ground.

Almost before the building had ceased rocking under the strain 100 girls in the exchange directly over the wrecked part, cut and bleeding from flying glass, ran through the clouds of smoke and soot toward exits. Many of the girls fainted. Some had to be carried from the building. This bomb is said to have contained at least 25 pounds of dynamite.

The blast came from a lamphole over a conduit in Calhoun place, familiarly known as "Gamblers' alley." It is in the rear of the four-story annex of the Chicago Title & Trust Company. Here the "Central" and "Randolph" exchanges of the Chicago Telephone Company are located.

Fifty cables, lying in the telephone company's wrecked conduit, were stripped, broken and twisted into knots, with the result that 25,000 telephones in the downtown district were put out of business.

this method of suppressing the gambling in the city. Some believe his identity will be discovered in a man made reckless by despondency over the loss of his fortune in the gambling houses who has dedicated his life to the work of revenge.

Some theorize that he is a vindictive dope fiend suffering from a real or fancied wrong—a man whose sense of cunning has attained abnormal development from the use of the drug at the expense of his other senses, including regard for morality, law or right of property.

It is probable that there is no other city in America where gambling dens are frequented by women so extensively as in Chicago. They are regular patrons of the Chicago gambling places in the basements along South Clark street, where the mysterious forms of Chinese gambling are indulged in. Not only do they patronize the regular poolrooms, but there are poolrooms and euchre resorts for the exclusive patronage of women. Several of the feminine gambling houses have been raided by the police. One of the most recent was a woman's poolroom, where handbooks were being made on the races at Hamilton and Sheephead Bay. The place was conducted by "Ted" Nevlin, a young man who is not on the inside of the gambling ring. The dope sheets and lists of patrons presented to the court during the trial of Nevlin showed that the women placed their bets under such names as Tillie, Eva, Mollie, Lillian, Nellie and initials, such as M. H. R., etc. Some of these are known to be prominent women of Chicago, but only the proprietors of the game were taken in the raid.

The Chicago newspapers have done everything but print the names of those whom they believe to be back of the bomb-throwing. But the parties so pointedly indicated walk the streets every day with impunity, and seem to have no fear of the police.

The Chicago Daily News in a recent issue says:

"The man who heads the conspiracy to commit bomb outrages is a former safe blower. He has enjoyed immunity for years in certain quarters and is now a man of wealth. This man lives with his family in Chicago, and walks its streets daily, as does the man he has been employing recently to explode the dynamite—another 'peter man,' as the 'regular' safe blowers are called, in distinction from the 'yeggmen' or tramp safe blowers. Others who have been aids in his operations include a man who was once a constable and two other men involved in sensational crimes in Chicago. It was discovered that these men began their operations as a result of the bribery to dynamite Hill's house. The amount paid was \$200."